

REVOLTS IN THE SOUTH.

HOW THESE OUTBREAKS ARE WORKED UP.

They Are Made the Occasion of a General Plundering of the Public Treasury, and Real Patriotism Has Little to Do with Them—Troubles in Venezuela.

Southern revolutions. "Three in the morning! Weather clear, and we still live under the same government."

Thus the night watchman, in shrill treble or roaring bass, can be heard in the towns of the various Spanish-American republics. It is the country of earthquakes, volcanoes, and revolutions, and in answer to the question, what are the chief products of the land? a reply, full of grim humor and truth, would be: "Coffee, india rubber, and revolutions." The latter article is as carefully nursed and cultivated as the two former, and, when the old trunks die or decay, there is an abundance of young shoots ready to take their place.

The leading actors are, in most cases, two doctors, two or three lawyers, a few generals, and behind the scenes a foreign consul or two, and leading merchants all united in the same laudable task of ax grinding.

The intended outbreak has been carefully prepared, and when it occurs its suddenness rouses the inhabitants from their usual apathy and stolid indifference for a short time. True patriotism has very little to do with it. The real object is to replenish the empty pockets of a clique of political adventurers. The sinews of war are very often supplied by some of the most important merchants, with a view of obtaining considerable reductions in import duties should the movement succeed. It is easily understood that the consuls of rival nations, contending for commercial and political supremacy,



OBNOXIOUS PARTISANS QUIETED.

although keeping well in the background, exert their influence to score a point or two.

The Drama itself. Now as to the actual drama: The conspirators have gained their adherents among the troops; money and drink have proved too much for the stanch loyalty of the body-guard of Senor Presidente de la Republica. An easy entrance is gained to the usually dilapidated palace of the Government. Our President wakes up suddenly with his eye looking down the barrel of a revolver; he is quietly invited by the conspirators—perhaps his former friends, perhaps implacable enemies of long standing—to dress, and is locked up under a strong guard. Next morning he is taken out, strapped in a high-backed chair against a brick wall, and shot; and so with all other members of the vanquished Government. The chair is carried back to a kind of official lumber room, to be taken out again at any future time, should the occasion arise. The minor fry are disposed of in a less ceremonious way. They are taken in a troop to the fountain that adorns the main square; business is got through, and an hour or so later the noon looks down on a tumbled heap of corpses.

Simultaneous with the seizure of the president the guards in the barracks have been overpowered with more or less bloodshed. Those remaining faithful to the deposed Government try to make their escape and gain the open



MINISTERS PREPARING FOR EXILE.

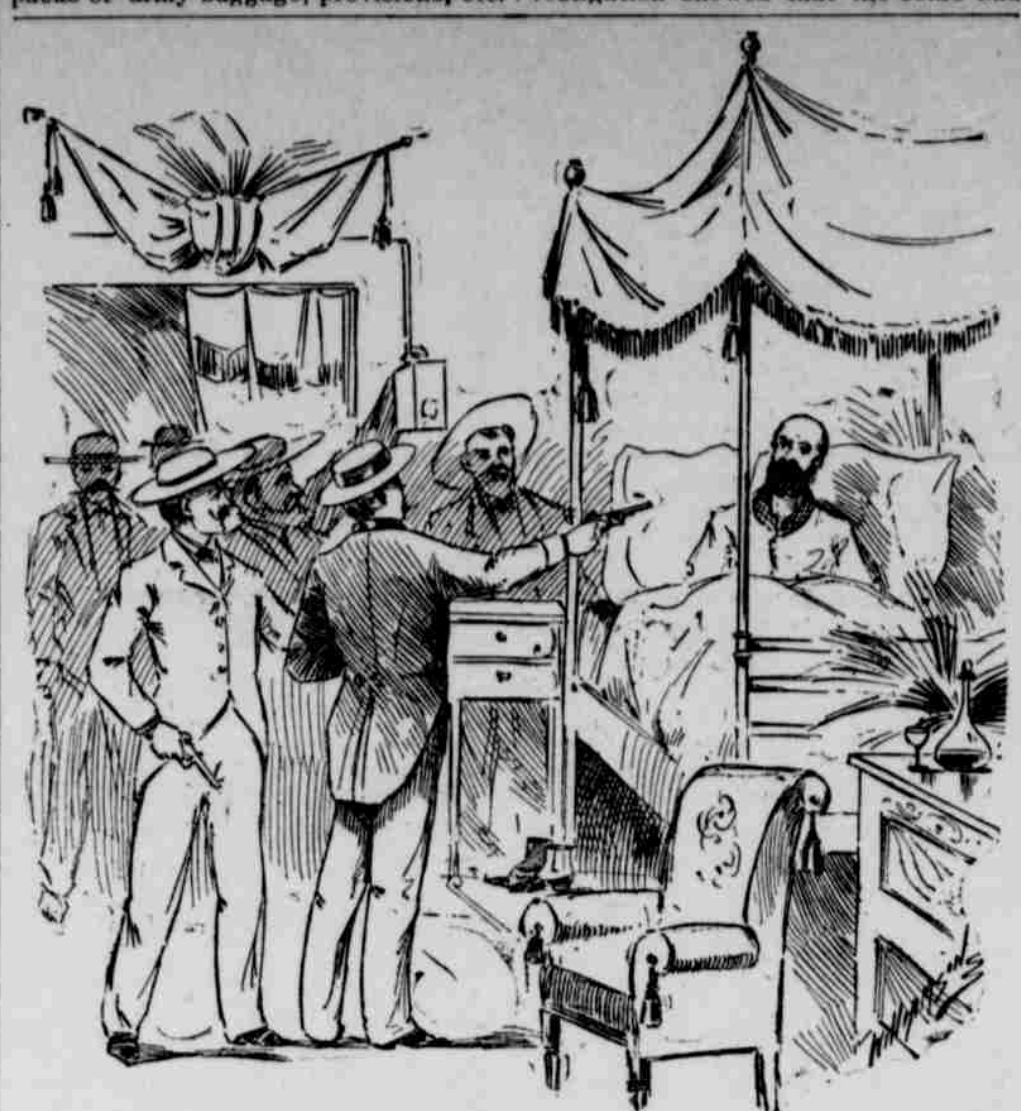
country, where they will form the nucleus of an army composed of all who are not in sympathy with the object of opposing the new rulers.

We have now a dictator, new cabinet ministers, new generals, and a host of other officials, all with empty pockets, but quite eager to replenish them for their own and their country's good. The new finance minister issues an edict for a forced loan. Should the commercial community hesitate too long with their voluntary contributions we will find them armed with brooms cleaning the streets, a business which is usually left to itself or given over to the buzzards and the homeless dogs, the only scavengers of the land.

Business for the Priest.

Long ago the priesthood was all-powerful in the land, and even now we shall find that certain delicate missions are entrusted to them, such as seeking interviews with commanders in chief, where persuasive eloquence or more substantial inducements are required. But the new government does not lie on a bed of roses. Summary executions, imprisonments, exiles, cruel and relentless rigor have not broken the spirit of the opposing faction. In town and hamlet, in vale and mountain, the recruits are driven in by sheer force, with all the horrors of an old-time press gang. Then the army takes the field, headed by the gorgeously dressed generals, colonels, captains, and lieutenants, who

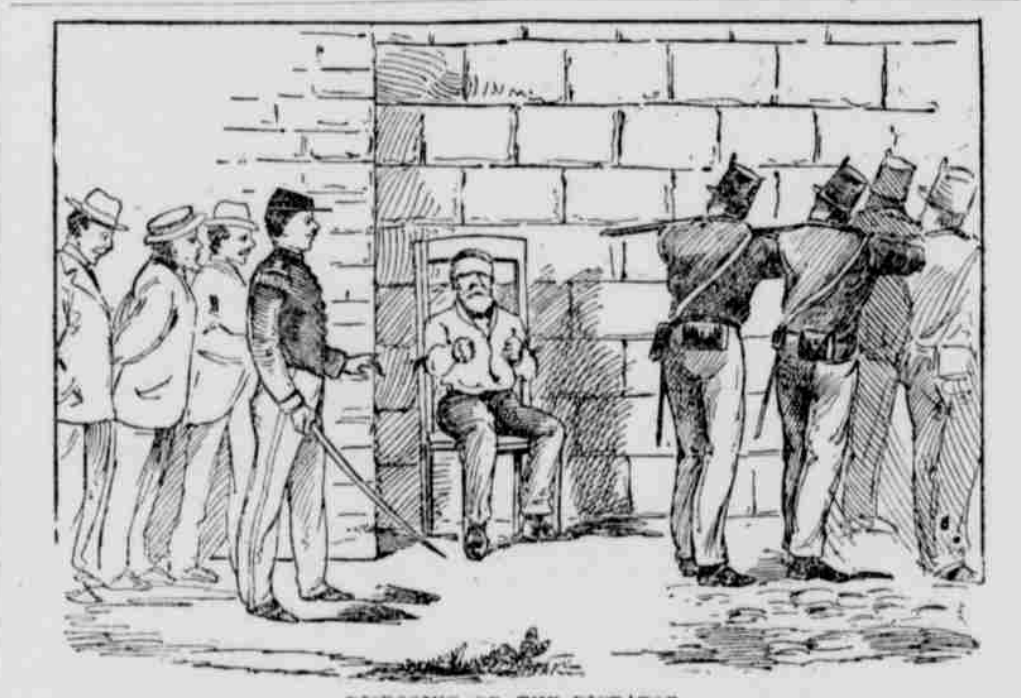
outnumber the privates, a straggling, motley crowd, flanked by mothers, wives, and sweethearts, carrying muskets, huge packs of army baggage, provisions, etc.



THE PRESIDENT'S SURPRISE PARTY.

It often happens that the reports of these sanguinary battles with which the telegraph acquaints us are works of pure imagination; the fighting itself is of a most desultory character, partaking of the Chinese fashion of warfare. Still there will always be a small band, headed by some dare devil, American, Irishman or Frenchman, who will make a desperate stand to die game. In the capital reports of defeat or overwhelming victory are current: deputations of wives and sisters beseege the official mansion, but the struggle is ended and soon the triumphant army makes its entry. Then fireworks, parades and congratulatory addresses are the order of the day. Those who lie in hiding venture to come forward and tender their allegiance to the powers that be. Those more compromised will ask for protection from some consul, or seek refuge on a man-of-war handy, should there be time before the final catastrophe takes place. The members of the Cabinet will always endeavor to pay a last visit to the treasury before going into exile, the new Cabinet soon after will meet to hear the report of the Finance Minister upon the absolute vacuum in the strong-box, and it will be unanimously decided to contract a new loan and to give ample opportunity to the foreign capitalists to invest their money in a secure and enduring enterprise.

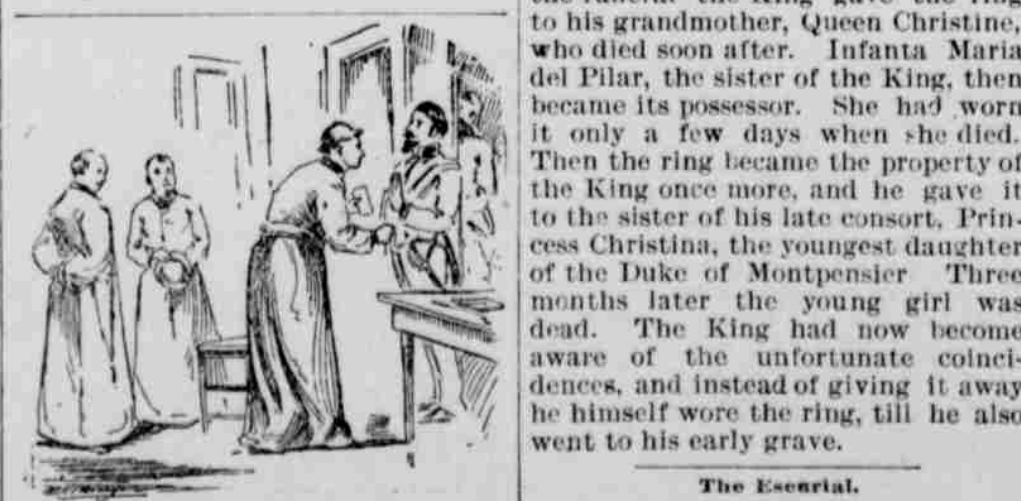
An Illustration. An evidence of this mushroom sort of



DEPOSING OF THE DICTATOR.

government can be found flourishing down in Venezuela, and it seems only a question of time, very brief at that, when the rest of the small-fry States will join in similar frays. In the city of Caracas the revolutionists have adopted the anarchist warfare and use dynamite. This cowardly weapon is the most dreaded of all, since there does not seem to be any means to prevent its use. It is a fact that the dread of a dynamite explosion forms the most powerful factor in the utter demoralization of otherwise cool-headed and brave men; facing a deadly fire of musketry or artillery, the fiercest hand-to-hand engagements are comparatively nothing to the dread suspense and horrible feeling of insecurity that a man must have when conscious that he at any moment may be blown to atoms or mangled from the effects of an exploded dynamite bomb placed in position or thrown by some of these human rattlesnakes.

Caracas in Venezuela has had more than its share of dynamite of late. Three times since the revolt against Palacio was actively begun has it been shaken by terrific explosions. The last one was about a week ago. It was the most deafening and destructive yet experienced. The perpetrators of this outrage had chosen a time when the



CAPPING FOR INFLUENCE.

streets were crowded with people and the explosion created the wildest panic, not equalled during any recorded earthquake. The people rushed like mad men from one place to another, seeking shelter.

Though the police did their best to

discover the bomb-thrivers, they, as usual, had not left a trace after them except the evidence of their crime. Investigation showed that the bomb had



been exploded along the side of the residence of Minister of Finance Matto, who is suspected of having advanced Palacio a large sum of money, said to



have been supplied by Guzman Blanco, a relative of Matto, on condition that the last named was to take the customs

receipts until the loan should have been paid. Advice announced the total defeat of Palacio's followers, but this may only be one of the pie-antries to which the rest of the world has grown accustomed. The chances are that the strife will be prolonged till there is no bone of contention—money. When the treasury and other resources are exhausted the wild, turbulent bursts of patriotism will ooze out and leave but the natural result of a foolish but supposed-to-be patriotic debauch—disgust.

An Unlucky Ring.

Round the neck of the Holy Virgin of Alameda, the patron saint of Madrid, for whom a fine new church is being built close to the Royal Palace, a very beautiful diamond ring hangs on a thin gold chain. The ring belonged to the late King Alfonso XII, and a strange history is connected with it, which may well appeal to the minds of the superstitious Spaniards. On the day of his wedding to Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, the King gave the ring to his bride, who wore it till her early death. After the funeral the King gave the ring to his grandmother, Queen Christine, who died soon after. Infanta Maria del Pilar, the sister of the King, then became its possessor. She had worn it only a few days when she died. Then the ring became the property of the King once more, and he gave it to the sister of his late consort, Princess Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. Three months later the young girl was dead. The King had now become aware of the unfortunate coincidences, and instead of giving it away he himself wore the ring, till he also went to his early grave.

The Escorial.

There are fourteen great gates to the Escorial, the palace of Spanish kings, and the building is lighted by 1,110 outer and 1,578 inner windows.

JACSON notes the tendency of the soaker to become a sponge.—Elmira Gazette.

HE IS STILL BOSS.

There Have Been Many Giants, but Chang Is the Tallest Now Living.

Turner the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 12 feet in height. M. Chevet, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11 feet 2 inches in length. The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured 15 feet in height. Josephine mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches in height. Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9 feet 9 inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius.

John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I., was 9 feet 3 inches in height; his hand was 17 inches long and 8 1/2 inches broad, says Dr. Platt, in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant, Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8 feet 10 inches. A skeleton in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is 8 feet 6 inches in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8 feet 4 inches. The tallest living man is Chang-tung, the Chinese giant. His height is 7 feet 3 inches.—Tid-Bits.

CHINESE NEVER SAVE LIVES.

Much has been written of the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Chinese, but it is not generally known that the people of the Celestial Empire will not rescue one another from accidental death.

At a fire in San Francisco several years ago six Chinese were imprisoned in a room by three-half inch iron bars, which could easily have been broken away. There were two or three ladders in the neighborhood, which could have been placed at the windows and the unfortunates easily rescued from a horrible death. There were hundreds of their countrymen looking on at their frantic efforts to escape. Yet they offered no assistance and gave no evidence of sorrow.

A man who has saved many lives, in speaking with a Chinese, once said they were very heartless, and cited this San Francisco fire as an example, whereupon the Celestial exclaimed: "I tell you. You sabbee Joss? Gol-Almighty, allee samee. Chinaman call him Joss; Melican call him God. Call him anything. Allee samee. Now you say Gol-Almighty make ebleting?"

"Yes, everything."
"Make allee men?"
"Yes."
"Know ebleting?"
"Yes."

"Now you think you know more than Gol-Almighty?"
"No, I do not."

"He make allee men. He see one man. He think him no good. He say, 'You no use; godie.' You think you know better than does Gol-Almighty. You go swim; you no let man die. Now Gol-mighty he say, 'He velly smart. He catchee man I tell go die. Velly well, that man he begin new. He cally that man's life, all him sins, all him troubles, all him bad luck. You have heap good things?'"
"No."
"No hab much houses, much money, much land?"
"No, not much."
"All light, you nebbee hab much luck. How many you sabbee?"
"About fifty."

"Oh, you nebbee get out. You cally all fifty life. Ebleting you do, no finish, walk allee time, heap trouble. You nebbee get old; you live long time. Sabbee fifty life! You live hundred years—hab bad luck allee time. Gol-Almighty, he sabbee best."

Sad Partings.

In an amusing account of her farming difficulties, Kate Sanborn recounts her struggles in raising poultry, and gives an appalling list of the maladies to which hen-flesh is heir. Even with the conquest of these preliminary trials, however, difficulties do not cease, for, having raised the chickens from helpless babyhood to such a stage that they have become family pets, parting with them proves wellnigh unendurable.

It is a hard and slow struggle to get my chickens killed. I say, in an off-hand manner, with assumed nonchalance:

"Ellen, I want Tom to kill a rooster at once for to-morrow's dinner, and I have an order from a friend for four more; so he must select five to-night."

Then begins the trouble. "Oh," pleads Ellen, "don't kill dear Dick! poor, dear Dick! That is Tom's pet of all; so big and handsome, and knows so much! He will jump up on Tom's shoulder and eat out of his hand, and come when he calls. And those big Brahmas, don't you know how they were brought up by hand, as you might say, and they know me, and hang round the door for crumbs; and that beauty of a Wyandotte, you couldn't eat him!"

When the matter is decided, and guillotining is going on, Ellen and I sit listening to the ax-thuds and the death-squawks, while she wrings her hands saying:

"Oh, dearie me! what a world this is! What a thing to look into, that we must kill the poor innocents to eat them. And they were so tame and cunning, and would follow me all round!"

Carpentering in Japan.

Japanese carpenters are ingenious workmen, and their work is done with marvelous neatness. A curious feature of their homes is that they do not contain a nail, all the joints and timbers being dovetailed together by many ingenious devices; and the

whole of the work, even to the rafters, is as smooth as if it had been polished down with sandpaper.

And the Japanese are a neat people, for they use no paint to hide any blemish of construction or ornamentation; no flagee work or plaster of paris gewgaws; but every stick in the building is exposed. Every morning, as regularly as she cooks the breakfast, or sweeps the floor, the Japanese housewife takes a wet cloth and scours the whole interior of the dwelling, leaving no part untouched, and no stains or dirt spots to mar its cleanly appearance.

Then the Japanese do not come into the house with muddy boots, but, having covered the floor with neat matting, always remove their dirty sandals before stepping upon it. It is interesting to watch the Japanese carpenters at their work, and the peculiarity of their movements. The Japanese carpenter works toward him—that is, instead of shoving a plane upon the board at arm's length, he pulls it towards him; and he cuts, saws, and chops in the same way.

His saws are fixed in handles like a butchers cleaver, and the teeth slant toward the handle. The planes are constructed like ours, but the wooden portion is very thin and wide. The adze is fastened to the end of a hooped stick; yet although their tools are different from ours, they are neither awkward in appearance nor awkwardly handled.

Bees Capture a Candy Store.

About nine o'clock one morning a few bees, apparently attracted by the odor of sweets, entered the confectionery store of Frank T. Theburg, at New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Theburg and his clerk were behind the counter, and in a rear room, which could be seen through the doorway, four men were at work making fresh candy. The bees were driven out without difficulty, but it would appear that they were only a prospecting party. About 10:15 o'clock a very large swarm entered the rear room through a window. The men then fled into the store. Mr. Theburg hurried around the counter to close the window in the rear room, but when he reached the doorway he could hardly see the window. The room was black with bees. His employees in the store were lashing towels furiously to right and left, but the bees only buzzed the louder and stung the harder, and soon all the men rushed into the street. The bees remained in possession.

The other day some one told Mr. Theburg that if he caught the queen bee and took her out or killed her the rest would leave the place. "George," he said to his clerk, "go in and catch the queen bee." George did not do so. On Saturday, ordinarily the busiest day in the week, no business was done. The bees still held the fort. The following Tuesday Mr. Theburg began to burn sulphur. He bought a quantity of it, built a fire in a big can, and put the sulphur on it, made a wild rush into the rear room, with his face and hands protected, set the can on the floor and flew out again.

In the morning he filled a barrel and a small box with the dead bees he found on the floor. There were still several hundred crawling about in the show windows, but they died within a few hours.

Will Beat the Thomas Cat.

An old trapper has been bringing from the mountains for two weeks a number of peculiar little animals that have puzzled a good many people to tell what they were. They are about the size of a common cat and have large bushy tails like that of a raccoon. Their bodies are long and slender and well protected by a thick growth of brownish-colored hair. Their eyes are black and snapping, and when teased they growl and spit like a cat, showing a row of teeth as sharp as cambric needles. The name of these little animals is the Bessarar, and they are a species of the civet cat, ranking between the fox and the weasel. They are better than all the pussies in creation as rat exterminators, and about twenty of them have been turned loose in different warehouses and livery stables in this city.—Marysville Appeal.

Large Family.

Patsy Dooley was a very poor arithmetician, and was puzzled by a great many questions of numbers which did not enter other people's heads.

One day a new acquaintance remarked in his presence:

"I have eight brothers."

"Ye have eight brothers?" said Patsy. "Then I suppose every wan o' them has eight brothers, too?"

"Certainly."

"Arrah, thin," said Patsy, "how many mothers had the sixty-four o' ye?"

Played for the Last Time.

Frau Naumann-Gungl, the prima donna of the Court Opera House in Weimar, has played for the last time. Her last role was Isolde. Frau Naumann-Gungl is retiring from the stage because her son is destined for a military career, and the doors of a Prussian cadet school are closed to the son of an actress who is still in active exercise of her profession.

A Deadly Rifle.

The new small-bore rifle has shown its powers in a terrible way at Aldershot. A soldier happened to fire his rifle. The bullet passed through two doors, wounded one man slightly, passed through the thigh of another man, and finally through both thighs of another man, who died two hours afterward.

The wise man does not hesitate to spend in advertising what a lawyer would charge for superintending his assignment.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

The Lame Man Healed. The lesson for Sunday, July 24, may be found in Acts 3: 1-16.

INTRODUCTORY.

We are at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, to-day. May it be beautiful to you, and to you, teacher, student. It is beautiful according as you desire to make it such. Not very comely or fair, rather gloomy and tiresome it may have seemed to the poor cripple as he lay there begging, day after day. He got new strength in his ankle-bones, and instantly it was radiant with light and beauty. It is the man who has read the good tidings and has received peace that can say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." This class in the Sunday-school, this pew in the church, may be a gate beautiful to your soul to-day, if you will let it.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Went up. Curiously enough, the word used here is the one from which anabasis comes.—At the hour, or on the hour (epi). An apostolic lesson (1) as to formal piety, and, possibly (2), as to promptness in attendance on worship.

Was carried, whom they laid daily. Both of these verbs are in the imperfect tense, suggesting frequentative action, i. e., were carrying; whom they were accustomed to lay.—Beautiful. Literally, reasonable root, ora; time; hence blooming, beautiful.—To ask. Rendered "desired" at Acts 7: 46, where asked would better give the sense.

About to go into the temple. His brief but golden opportunity; a few steps only.—Asked an alms. Greek: asked to receive mercy; from this last word comes our eleemosynary.

Fastening his eyes on Peter, and the root intent or intense. Bible Union: looking intently.—Look on us. A stronger expression in the Greek: look unto (into: eis) us.

Gave heed to, i. e.: He gave his whole attention to them, one of the especial conditions of spiritual help.—Expecting to receive. An expectation in one sense disappointed, in another sense, not.

Have I not? Rather, belong not to me. Not the same word as have, following.—Such as I have. Revision: What I have. There is no disparagement or even comparison as to what he has or has not. Peter says, it is not in our power to help you with silver and gold, but we have something else that we can give you.—In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, i. e., by his power, to his glory.—Rise up, and walk. Tischendorf omits the rise up. So Revision.

Took him by the right hand. A vigorous word, to catch or seize. Used of catching fish. John 21: 3-10.—Received strength. Literally, were made or rendered strong.

Leaping up. The first impulse.—Stood. The first test of returning strength.—Walked. Further testing the newly acquired power.—Into the temple. A good first direction, doubtless, by the example of his benefactors. So so always with right charity.

Walking and praising God. A very natural and realistic account.

They knew. More accurately, they recognized.—Which sat. Perfect participation, has been or had been sitting, of customary action up to the present.

Amazement. Literally, beyond one's self, from the word ecstasy.—Happened unto him, or fallen to him.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Peter and John went up. It is the Christian anabasis. There goes the Christian disciple on his blessed pilgrimage 'twixt the church and the home. Along this way, through witnessing in His name and through faith in His name, multitudes of captive souls have been loosed and have gone leaping with joy. The service of the temple has changed, the place, the order, but God's spirit still waits there to bless. It is still a house of bread, a place of healing. As we go back and forward, to and from, our temples of worship, souls are being saved. God's will it is. Let us guard and cherish the privileges of the sanctuary. Multiply the gates beautiful the country over, and bring, with hope and trust, the people to the gates.

Look on us. The Lord is looking in another direction; or rather, it's looking in all directions. No wonder it abides in its crippledness and want. Gold, silver, earthly fame, human inventions, worldly pleasures and panaceas, all these so call away the thought that it is but a partial attention, if any, that is given to the gospel. "Look on us," we say. This way! this way! O world! Undoubtedly, "there is life in a look" when the look is rightly, directly and fully concentrated. "Look; only look!" cried the humble preacher in the little Methodist meeting-house, and Charles Spurgeon went free. Still the voice goes out, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

"Look and live, look and live."

And all the people saw him walking and praising God. They see it still. The healed man is walking and praising God. His very walking is praising God. Such should the Christian's walk be. Are you made whole in the name of Jesus Christ? Leap forth in your new strength, walk and praise God. Too many Christians seem to abide just as they were born. There is no springing life, no jubilant leaping and walking. God gets scant praise. You do not ask for the ebullient and paroxysmal witness of the bush-meeting; but one likes no better the cold, sluggish, half-dead testimony that some lives render. If Christians are children of the light, then let them walk as the children of the light, strongly, joyfully, fearlessly.

Next Lesson—"Peter and John Before the Council," Acts 4: 5-18.

Subjects of Thought.

Our years move slowly at first.

SOME men think alike and some don't think at all.

INDUSTRY overcomes a world of discontentment.

We love the flowers, but they give us no recognition.

AFTER all, we are not very much better than our neighbors.

A WOMAN who says silly things easily learns to say malicious ones.

MOST men find out too late that they should have taken their wives' advice.